

JULY DALE

A

BALLAD.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

H. S. THOMPSON.

— 25¢ net —

BOSTON.

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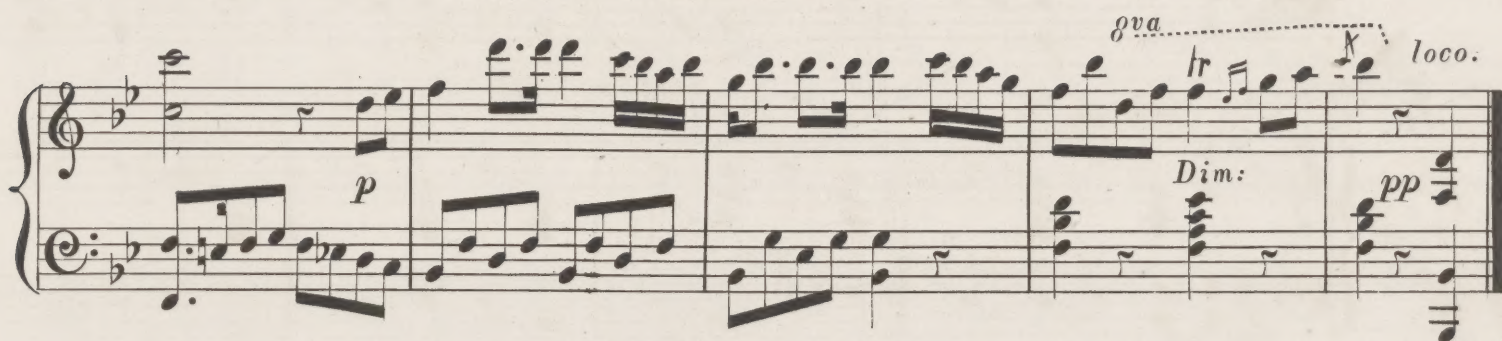
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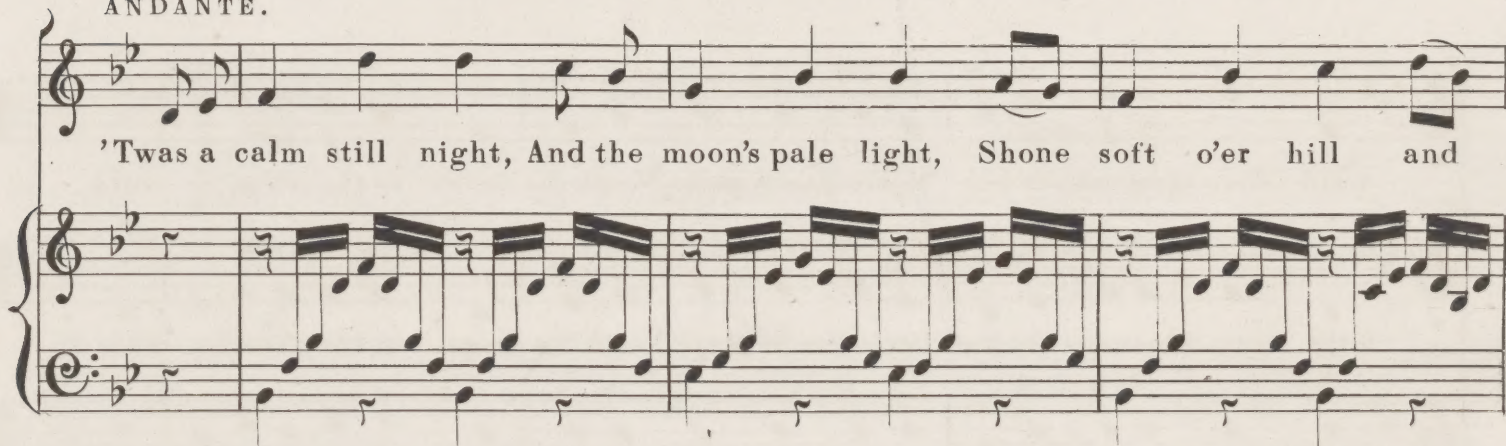
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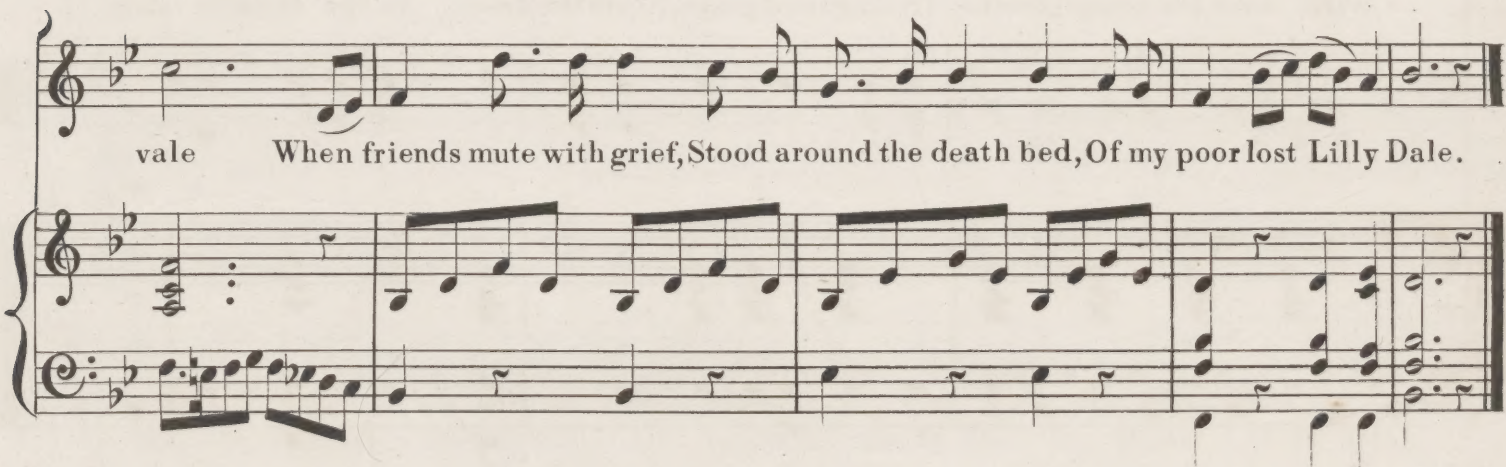
LILLY DALE.



ANDANTE.



'Twas a calm still night, And the moon's pale light, Shone soft o'er hill and



vale When friends mute with grief, Stood around the death bed, Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Ad lib: *A tempo.*

1st SOPRANO.
2nd SOPRANO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO FORTE.

Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly, Dale, Now the

Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly, Dale, Now the

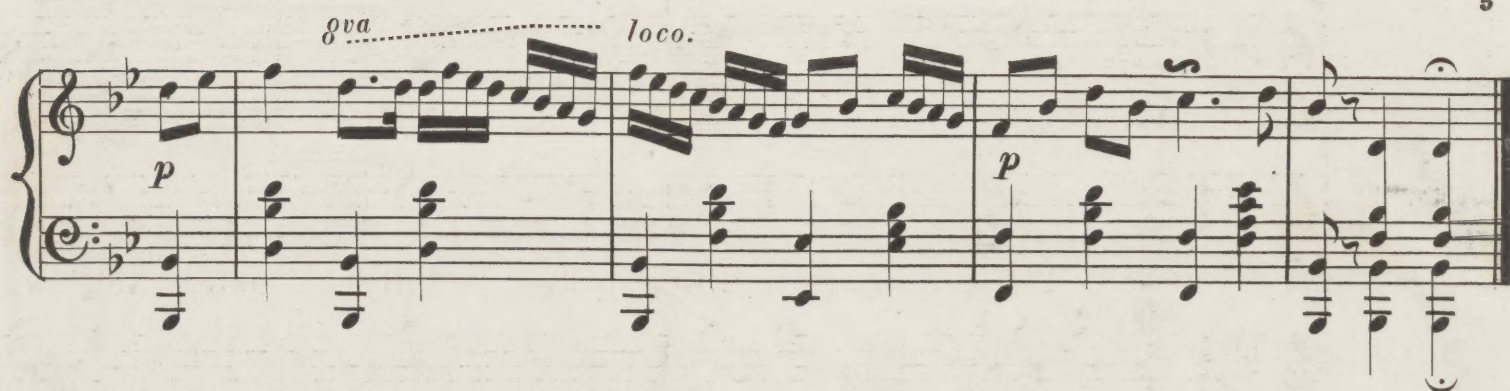
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly, Dale, Now the

Ad lib: *A tempo.*

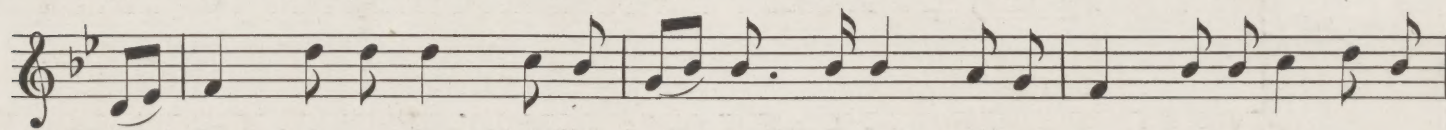
wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

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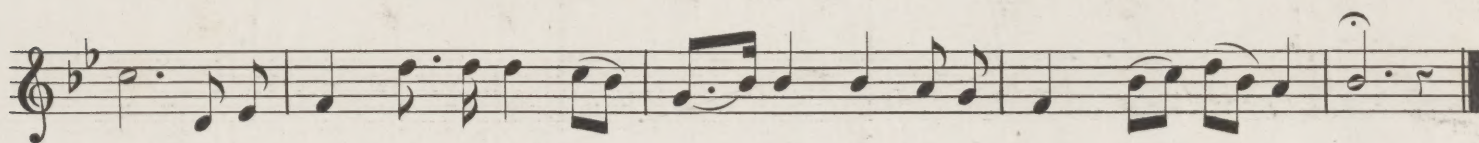
wild rose blossoms o'er the little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.



SECOND VERSE.

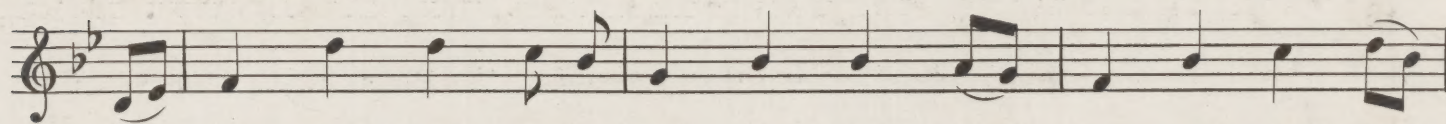


Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turn'd

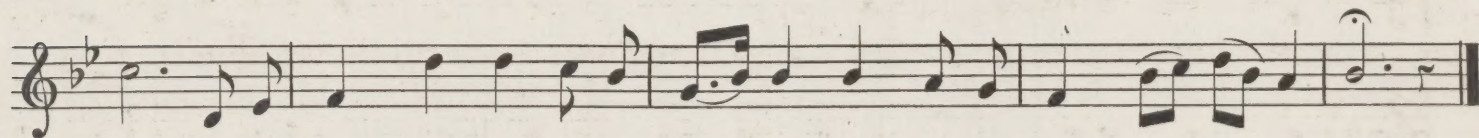


pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow, Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.

THIRD VERSE.

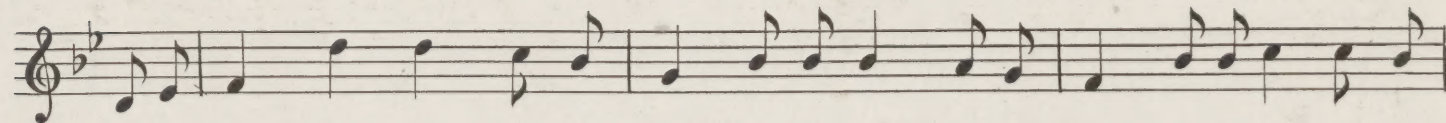


"I go, she said, to the land of rest" And ere my strength shall

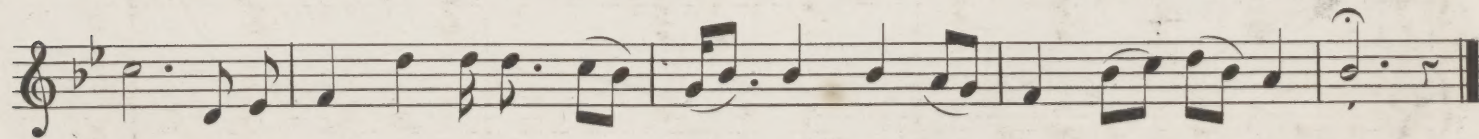


fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

FOURTH VERSE.



Neath the chestnut tree; where the wild flowers grow, And the stream ripples forth thro' the



vale, Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil-ly Dale.

